

OUR BOY AND GIRL

(EDITED BY AUNT BUSY)



ALL SORTS OF BOYS.

There's the willy boy, and the pretty boy,
And the boy who is a little bit of a
There's the fat-faced boy, and the rat-
faced boy,
And the boy with the bovine stare.

There's the steamy boy, and the dreamy
boy,
And the boy who is "up to date."
There's the boy who smokes, and the boy
who jukes,
And the boy who is always late.

There's the tender boy, and the slender
boy,
And the boy with limbs like a bear's;
There's the stoutish boy, and the lunkish
boy,
And the boy who slides downstairs.

There's the cheerful boy, and "that fret-
ful
boy,"
And the boy who deserves a flogging;
There's the boy who is always blabbing,
And the boy who is always grinning,
And the boy whose brain works jogging.

There's the grass-green boy and the
bright, keen boy,
And the boy who is always blabbing,
There's the clumsy boy, and the grimy
boy,
And the boy who shirks his tubbing.

There are many others, oh men and
brothers,
And some are all bad, you bet;
There are boys and boys—yet through
grief and joy
They are somebody's darling yet.

—A. E. Houghton.

AUNT BUSY HAS HER SAY.
Dear Nieces and Nephews:

Aunt Busy is not a very much
much this time, but she particularly
wishes to call your attention to the
very interesting letter that appears in
this department this week. It is writ-
ten by a dear, bright girl who lives in
Dewey, Mont., and it would do credit
to a girl far older than Aunt Busy's
dear, dear niece, Mary Patton. Read it
carefully and you will certainly read
many things that will please you.

Aunt Busy has also discovered a
new niece! One who lives in Omaha.
Aunt Busy hopes to hear from her soon
again. And then a dear nephew from
Salida, Charles DeVoe, at last remem-
bered his old Aunt Busy and sends,
as usual, an interesting letter. So
dear children, Aunt Busy is once more
regaining her weight, which decreased
greatly from worry, owing to not re-
ceiving many letters from her girls
and boys.

By the way, dear children, in mailing
your letters be sure to address them to
Salt Lake City, because Aunt Busy's
mail comes here. Aunt Busy thinks
that is one reason why some of the
letters do not reach her. Much love,
from your loving AUNT BUSY.

LETTERS AND ANSWERS.
Omaha, Neb., Nov. 11.

My Dear Aunt Busy: As I have
never seen any letters from her, I
thought I would write. I go to school
and I am in the fifth B. I belong to
St. Patrick's parish. Our pastor's name
is Father Smith. Our church had a
fair and we made lots of money. Well,
Aunt Busy, I guess I will close. Your
loving niece,

MARGARET MULVHILL.

A sincere welcome to the little niece
from Omaha. Aunt Busy is sure that
you are a bright student. Try to in-
crease your knowledge, and let us hear
from you again. Write to her, and why can you not
write a little story for Aunt Busy's
department?

Salida, Colo., Nov. 15.

Dear Aunt Busy: It is so long since
I sent you a letter that I must let you
know about your little nephew in Sa-
lida. I saw Willie Craig's letter in the
paper. I know him well. I go to
the high school now. Well, I must
tell you papa bought a splendid yacht
last week. She is called Puritan No. 2,
and papa says he will take me back on
the Atlantic ocean on her some day.
My papa was fourteen years at sea,
from cabin boy to captain, on two large
ships, and helped to save a crew of
a schooner off the Nova Scotia coast
in a storm. I wish you could hear
some of his stories about his travels,
pleasures and accidents at sea.

Dear Aunt Busy, I saw your picture
in the paper and it looks so well. Papa
and mamma say you are only seven
years. Your loving nephew,
CHARLES L. DEVOE.

P. S.—Please find enclosed a clipping
from our Salida paper about my papa.

William P. DeVoe, for a number of
years employed in the D. & R. G. shops
here, has purchased the splendid sail-
ing yacht "Puritan," which is built of
oak and hackmatack, copper fastened
and all iron work galvanized. He in-
tends to have his brother, Captain
Fred DeVoe, who sails out of Boston,
command the vessel. William P. has
been on sea fourteen years, and served
from cabin boy to master of several
vessels, via the schooner River Bird,
Bell of the Bay of Coast Pilot, on
the Canadian and Newfoundland
coasts. Some of his happy days at
sea when he helped to save the
crew of the schooner Sophia, wrecked
off the Nova Scotia coast in October,
1873, and when he piloted the ship
Willie Craig in the Sydney harbor
during a blinding snow storm to a safe
anchorage. This ship had on board a
general cargo, besides a large number
and six lady passengers. The voyage was
interesting, romantic and full of inci-
dents. The ship's log book was a real
story book and when the anchors were
down to make her secure, four of the
passengers rushed on deck to inquire
what the trouble was. Devoe was
answered: "All's well," and this news
was so cheering that he was carried to
his supper in a folding chair by the
four passengers and given three hearty
cheers and a few mementoes which he
treasures to this day in remembrance
of the kindhearted passengers on board
the Willie Craig on Dec. 22, 1889.

How very glad Aunt Busy was to
hear from you, Charlie! It is fully a
year since you wrote to her, and she
has often thought of you.

So you are the son of a brave sea-
man! Aunt Busy read the little tale
about your papa with much interest
and she is sure that all the nephews
will be interested. Aunt Busy thinks
that you should write a few of the

stories that your brave papa tells, for
the Intermountain Catholic.

Aunt Busy thinks you are a sad flat-
terer, Charlie. Of course she is pleased
to know that you thought she looked
"well," but she is very far indeed
from being anywhere near "sweet sixteen."

Tell your friend, Willie L., to write
soon again. Study hard, Charlie, and
please, please do not wait so long again
to write to your affectionate Aunt
Busy.

Dewey, Mont., Nov. 17, 1901.

Dear Aunt Busy:

Am I too old to write to you? I was
13 on the 27th of last month. I want
to tell you of my trip. I thought
the other little folks might like to read
it. I believe my sister, Dodo, wrote
you from New York, so will start in
where she stopped.

Of course you know all people visit
Coney Island. We spent one whole
afternoon there, looking at all kinds of
fake amusements, and heard some
very fine singing at one of the theat-
res. My cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Fitz-
gerald of Brooklyn, who were well ac-
quainted there, took us to the beach,
where we found pleasure in watching
the many bathers, and we would have
liked to join them, but my mamma
was afraid it was too late in the sea-
son, as my lungs are not very strong.

We children—that is, my cousin Stella
and my sister and myself—rode the
iron horses, also some half-dead ponies
which kept step to the crack of a
whip and were not one bit like our
Montana horses.

We were taken through Prospect
park by some friends; from hence to
Greenwood, where we saw some of the
finest monuments in the world, among
them being the Mackay, the interior
being large enough to hold 100 people
at a sitting. The monument is a beau-
tiful white marble and the lawn in
front looks just like velvet.

A young French lady who was killed by
her horse running away. It is just
beautiful. Although her body has been
moved to her beautiful home, the
authorities refused her people permis-
sion to remove the monument; it
stands there with her name, age, etc.

There is the Matthews monument,
erected before the death of the
owner, the famous soda water man.
He is represented as lying on his bed
(even the embroidered pillow cases are
plain to be seen), while his wife stands
on a kind of platform above him,
weeping. There are also two children
standing, one on each side, who died
in early childhood.

Could name numbers of interesting
things, but space will not allow. From
Greenwood we went to Evergreen,
which is much smaller and less pre-
tentious, but nevertheless very pretty.
In Evergreen we saw a kind of fa-
tastic, a man whose wife died eight
years ago and to whose memory he
built a vast, where her casket
containing her body, is on one side,
while the husband's, awaiting his final
dissolution, is on the other. We all
entered and had a quite a talk with him.
He calls himself an agnostic (I don't
know what that is), but mamma told
him it must be dreadful not to ex-
pect to meet his wife in the hereafter.

He seems to be after notoriety, as he
told mamma people come to see him
from all over the world. His appear-
ance was not very good, as his cloth-
ing was not orderly or clean, while he
wore a large diamond ring on his
finger. He had a number of articles
of furniture, pictures, etc., all over the
caskets. Mamma asked him if he
did in winter time. He said, looking
around at some young girls who hap-
pened to be there: "I live on love."

Mamma told him if he lived where she
lived, his love would soon reach
zero in a tomb.

This letter is so long already, Aunt
Busy, that I will put off the rest of
the story until next week. Your af-
fectionate niece,

MARY JOSEPHINE PATTON.

Indeed little niece you are not too
old to write to Aunt Busy. She re-
grets that she cannot induce the girls
and boys of your age to write to her
more than they do. Bless their hearts!
They think they are too old for such
nonsense. Well, the world will teach
them the folly of feeling old when they
are only children yet. Aunt Busy is
glad that one little niece has set the
good example to other 13-year-old
young people and has written to her.

And such a very interesting letter,
Mary! Aunt Busy read and enjoyed
every word of it. She is proud to have
such a bright girl for one of her
nieces. Now you really must write
often for this department. Don't say
that you cannot, because your inter-
esting letter proves that you have un-
doubted talent.

Little Girl That Made a Tale.
"Who comes here?" asks Uncle Ed-
ward, looking up from his carpenter's
bench and plane as he heard somebody
pushing at the door, and when an in-
stant after, a little head with short
brown hair showed itself, he said, "Oh,
it's my little girl, Nannie."

"Aunt Busy," said Nannie, coming
quite in then and moving her feet rest-
lessly in the sawdust.

"Oh boy," said Uncle Edward. "Then
what makes you slide down hill, and
be for skates, and fly kites, and have
a bag of marbles and ride the old horse
barrel and borrow my tools?"

"I don't care! I ain't a boy, I'd
despise to be!" replied Miss Nannie, hang-
ing a long curly shawl over each ear
as she spoke. "Say, Uncle Edward, I
want to make a little tale. May I
have that little square piece of board?"

"Yes, yes," said the uncle, and he
handed it to her.

"Now, may I take your big gimlet?"
I want to bore some holes for the
legs."

Uncle Edward passed down the gim-
let and Nannie bored a hole in each
of the four corners of the square board.
Then she borrowed a knife to whittle
out some legs with, and when they were
done she hammered them stoutly
in. Now the tale was done, and she
stood as level and firm as anybody's
table.

"I'm going now," said Nannie, tak-
ing her long, "I'm going to give a tea
party, and I had my little set of dishes
all ready; and Aunt Lizzy let me make

some tin pies and cookies when she
was baking this morning, but I didn't
have any table to set the things out on,
so I thought I would come in here and
make one. You may come to my party
if you want to, Uncle Edward."

And off went the little girl with
great satisfaction to set her table.

"That's a smart one!" said Uncle
Edward, looking at her as she went.
"I'd like to see the thing she can't
do! I'll warrant her pies and cookies
are done to a turn. It's a
curious little tale that our cook-
maiden made a table to put it on!"

Then he went back to his planing,
while Nannie set her table out on the
flat rock under the apple tree, where
the birds sang, and all the time the
world, whether boy or girl, was hap-
pier than she—Our Young People.

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT.

LI HUNG CHANG'S LIFE.

His Love for Grant: His Methods in War and in Peace.

(Kansas City Star.)
When Li Hung Chang was in America
in 1896, his first official act was to
visit the tomb of General Grant and
express his admiration for the man
who had saved the world from the
tyranny of the great man.

Li Hung Chang was a man who
was a world in himself. He was a
man who had met Mr. Gladstone and
Lord Salisbury. He summed up his
opinion of the two in this way:

"Your Lordship is a man who
says little and means much. Your Mr.
Gladstone is a man who says much and
means little."

"General Grant and I have suppres-
sed the two greatest rebellions known
in history."

The rebellion he referred to was the
Taiping movement to overthrow the
Manchu dynasty. It was started by a
disappointed farmer who had failed to
pass the civil service examination, and
had then dreamed of being a general.
He was called the "Heavenly King," and
was called the "Heavenly King."

When Li Hung Chang visited the
United States his name appeared on the
register of the liner St. Louis as "Am-
bassador, Senior, Guardian of the Heir
Apparent, Prince of the State of Sui."
These were all the titles he had at the
time, but at the outbreak
of the Chinese-Japanese war he was
more numerous and significant that he
was general manager of the army and
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The Two Brothers. By Orestes A. Brownson.

Controversial Dialogue Between a Presbyterian and His Catholic Brother, Leading Up to Former's Conversion.

(In the religious controversy between
John and James Millwood, John (the
Catholic) towards the close pressed the
aggressive side of debate home to his
brother, the Presbyterian clergyman
assenting to the propositions because
the manner of their presentation left
him no other mode of reply. For ex-
ample, James consented to the propo-
sition that belief in one's own reason
was not religious belief, agreeing with
his Catholic brother that if such were
the case very belief, whether intuitive
or scientific, would be religious and the
belief of falsehood as much as truth.
The dialogue was broken off last week
where John put the query: "Then the
more essential point in religious be-
lief is not simply belief of the matter
revealed, but of God who reveals it?"
To which James replied, "Very well, let
it be so." The next question is di-
rected by John, the Catholic—Editor
Intermountain Catholic.)

IV.
"In every proposition, be it what it
may, which I believe because God re-
veals it, I do believe him, do I not?"
So it follows from what we have
said."

"But if the more essential point is
to believe God, the more essential er-
ror must be to disbelieve him, must it
not?"

Certainly, to disbelieve God is the
most heinous offense of which man can
be guilty. The grossest insult we can
offer even to a fellow-mortal is to call
him a liar and we call God a liar
whenever we disbelieve or refuse to be-
lieve him."

"But do I not disbelieve or refuse to
believe God, and therefore make God a
liar, whenever I refuse to believe a
proposition because I have only His
word for it?"

"You do, and are guilty of the sin
of infidelity."

"If God has told me, no mat-
ter for what reason, that Toby had a
dog and the dog wagged his tail, and
I refuse to believe it, do I or do I not
err essentially?"

"You err essentially, as it appears
from what we have said."

"Then there may be essential error,
where the matter or proposition denied
is not in itself essentially false?"

"So it would seem."

"Then you will concede what you call
the non-fundamentals, if revealed truth
can be essentially false?"

"Not at all. Doubtless, where the mat-
ter is clearly and manifestly revealed,
refusal to believe is essential error;
but it is essential error to refuse to
believe, where it is not clearly and
manifestly revealed, where it is un-
certain, that God speaks, and, if he
does, what is the exact meaning of
what he says?"

"This uncertainty, not the funda-
mental or non-fundamental nature of
the matter in question, then, is that
which saves the refusal to believe from
being essential error?"

"That seems also to follow."

"In order, then, to determine what
are the essentials, that is, what must
be believed, and cannot be denied
without essential error, and what are
the non-essentials; that is, what may
be denied or denied, it will be necessary
to inquire not what are the fundamentals,
but what is or is not clearly and man-
ifestly revealed?"

"Since the fundamentals are all
clearly and manifestly revealed, I
have no objection to saying so."

"Whether the fundamentals are all
clearly and manifestly revealed or not,
you must say, or abandon the ground
you have taken. The essen-
tials, then, are what is clearly and
manifestly revealed?"

"Be it so."

"The non-essentials what is not
clearly and manifestly revealed?"

"Agreed, again."

"He who believes all that is clearly
and manifestly revealed believes all
the essentials, is free from essential
error, is substantially orthodox?"

"Agreed, again."

"He who rejects any truth clearly
and manifestly revealed errs essen-
tially?"

"He does."

"But he who rejects only the non-
essentials does not err essentially?"

"Not at all. Men may
differ on the non-essentials without
essential error, but to differ in opin-
ion about a point is not necessarily to
deny it, for both parties may intend
to believe it, and would, if they could
only ascertain the truth involved."

"But individuals may differ in some
points, even as to matters of faith,
from one another, without erring es-
sentially?"

"I do not deny it."

"The point on which they differ must
be non-essentials, otherwise the dif-
ference would be essential. In regard
to these points they must differ from
Presbyterians, either by holding some
things to be revealed truths which
Presbyterians do not hold, or by deny-
ing some things to be revealed truths
which Presbyterians believe are re-
vealed truths."

"They also differ from them by sim-
ple ignorance."

"That is true, but then they differ
only negatively, not positively. Pres-
byterians in this respect must differ
from one another, for some are better
informed as to what Presbyterians be-
lieve are revealed truths, than others
are, or can be, but they are Presbyter-
ians, and all alike Presbyterians, and
all alike Catholics, and all alike Pres-
byterians, and all alike Catholics, and
all alike Presbyterians, and all alike
Catholics, and all alike Presbyterians,
because I am ready to believe all as
soon as explicitly propounded to me,
and because the points on which I
differ from them are non-essentials, and
they are implied in what I believe ex-
plicitly. This is, therefore, a mere neg-
ative difference and amounts to noth-
ing. The differences in question are
positive differences, and these must
consist either in believing things to be
revealed which you deny to be re-
vealed, or in denying certain things to
be revealed which you believe to be
revealed."

"I do not see how that follows."

"The differences we are considering
concern matters of faith, and nothing
I suppose you will grant, is or can be
a matter of faith which is not a di-
vinely revealed truth. Or, rather, no
man can hold anything to be a mat-
ter of faith unless he holds it to be
a matter of revelation, that is, a re-
vealed truth."

"Do not know about that."

"But you do, for the faith we
are speaking of is religious faith, and we
have agreed that there can be religious
faith only where the proposition be-
lieved is a revealed proposition."

"Very well, proceed."

"If, then, you admit differences as to
matters of faith may exist without
essential error, you must admit that
the non-essentials may be either be-
lieved or disbelieved without essential
error, unless you choose to admit that
you yourselves are in essential error."

"You certainly deny some things,

which you call non-essentials, to be
revealed truths; such, for instance, as
the divine institution of the episcopacy,
which is asserted by Protestant Epis-
copalians. But if the non-essentials
cannot be denied without essential er-
ror, then you err essentially in deny-
ing it. On the other hand, you assert
infant baptism to be a divine com-
mand, which your Baptist brethren
deny, infant baptism, you say, is a
non-essential; if, then, non-essentials
cannot be positively denied without
essential error, your Baptist brethren
err essentially, and are not, as you
have admitted, substantially orthodox.
Moreover, unless you admit that non-
essentials may be either believed or
disbelieved without essential error,
your distinction between essentials and
non-essentials avails you nothing, and
you must come back and assert that
none, who differ positively in any
matter from Presbyterians, have or
can have the Catholic faith, and then
you must recall your denial and say
that Presbyterians and Protestants
are one and the same thing and that
both are Catholics, and the only Pro-
testants."

"Very well, I will not insist on the
point. Say the non-essentials are mat-
ters which may either be believed or
disbelieved without erring essentially."

"We now seem to be in a fair way of
determining what Protestantism is. It
is, you say, the essentials, and the es-
sentials are the truths clearly and
manifestly revealed in the Scriptures
of the Old and New Testaments. Tell
me what these truths are and you
will tell me what Protestantism is, and
take the preliminary step towards an-
swering my question. Why are you a
Protestant?"

(To be continued.)

QUAINT ISLE OF MAN.

History and Customs of Land That
Made Hall Caine a "Key."

(New York Commercial Advertiser.)
The news that Mr. Hall Caine has
been elected a "Key" by an over-
whelming majority brings to mind the
curious anomaly existing in the Isle of
Man. This little island, which meas-
ures only thirty-three miles by twelve,
is a remarkable survival of feudal
days in the very center of the British
Isles. Situated in the middle of the
Irish channel, nearly equidistant from
England, Ireland and Scotland, the
Isle of Man is a curious relic of the
past, and is itself a little kingdom
whose ruler is the ruler of Great Brit-
ain. When the ordinary Englishman
is asked where the Isle of Man is, or
he will invariably answer its name,
which have no tails. As a matter of
fact, there is an indigenous breed of
cats which are called "Manx," and the
name of the island is derived from the
fact that it is regarded in a humorous
light which its history and its tradi-
tions ill deserve.